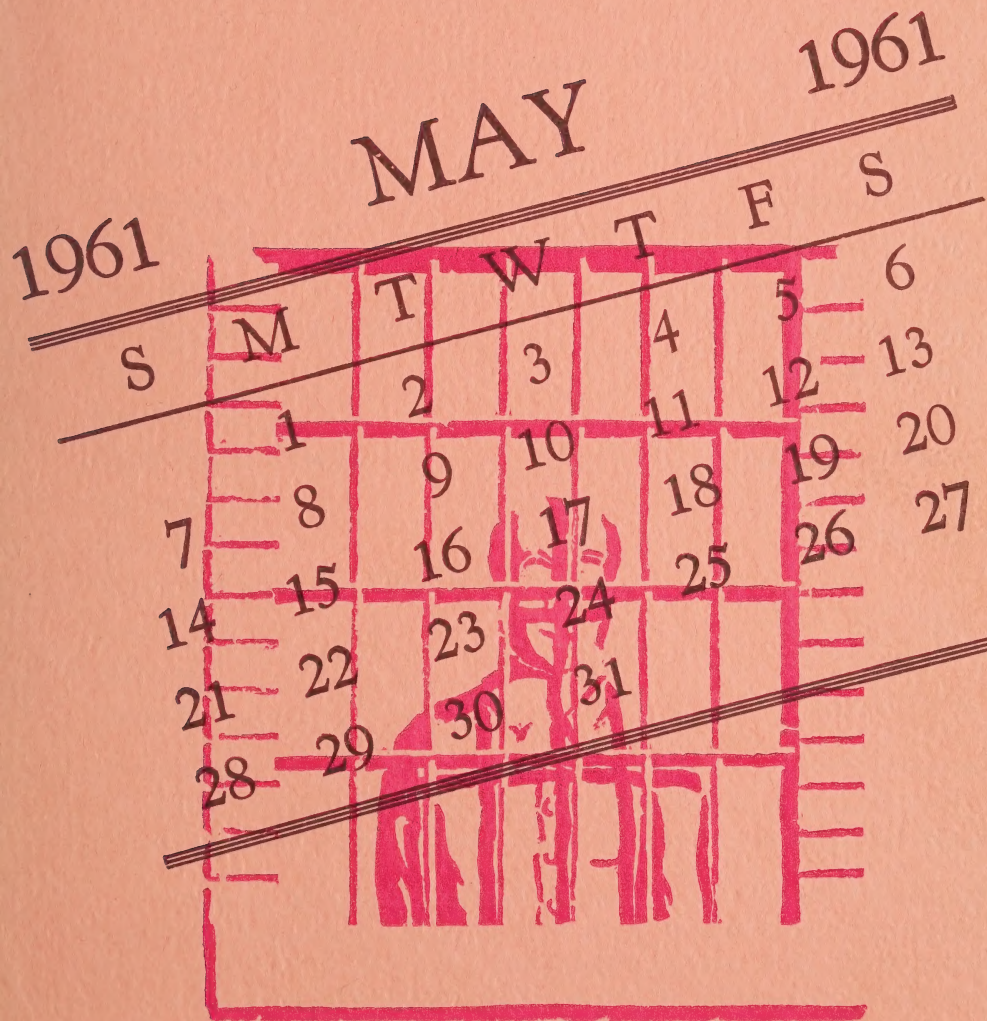


# MOUNTAIN ECHOES







# Mountain Echoes

Volume 10

May 1961

Number 9

Editor: Don Hambleton

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Ralph Danton

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Joe Hayden

Tom Girdle

Cover by Danton

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# EDITORIAL

(This editorial is a copy of a letter to the editor of the *Recount*, with a few changes. In place of *United States* I have put *Canada*, and at the closing I have put *Echoes* instead of *Recount*. I hope our friends up there will not mind. Ed.)

What is the purpose of the Penal Press in Canada?

Is it a publication by and for the inmates of penal institutions, in which articles may be presented that will actually give society a fair and complete picture of the incarcerated persons so that, if they choose, they may better understand the problems and fears of these inmates?

OR, is it, so to speak, a shoulder to cry on—so that convicted felons can weep out the story of how they have been abused by law enforcement authorities, judiciary bodies, institutional authorities and society as a whole?

OR could it possibly be a propaganda sheet, sanctioned by existing authority in order that accomplishments of note by the administration can be expounded upon—and praised—so that other problems can remain obscure?

Maybe it is something that is done merely because it is the accepted thing for a penitentiary to have a magazine or newspaper to trade with other institutions.

I often wonder how many people on the mailing lists of penal publications, other than other penal publications, really do read and digest them...unless, of course, they happen to have contributed an article for that particular issue. If so, what is their reaction?

So, what is the penal press? What is its purpose? What are its accomplishments, if any, and lastly, but most significantly, is it helping the outside world to better understand and accept the problems of the inside world; and helping those returning to freedom to understand and respect the rule of the land?

Seems to me we should know, and if we don't, we should find out exactly what the penal press means.

It is important!!!

(Ed. note: The views express by the writer have an important bearing on the whole publication field, and we would appreciate any and all comments from persons who read the *Echoes*.)





# M O C C A S I N T E L E G R A P H

Ray Sinclair

“How!”

It has been many moons since an article concerning the Indian and Metis inmates of the Stony Mountain penitentiary, and their organization, The Native Brotherhood has appeared in this magazine. However, it has now been made possible, with the consent of the Echoes Editorial staff, to report on the activities and progress of the Brotherhood regularly each month.

The Native Brotherhood Organization was formed by a minority Indian and Metis group and was initiated on July 25., 1959, with the permission of Major General R.B. Gibson, then commissioner of penitentiaries, and former Warden C. E. DesRosiers. The first meeting was held on September 1, 1959.

We have the honor of being the first and so far the only such Indian and Metis group behind the walls of any Canadian Jail or Penitentiary.

During the weekly meetings, an opportunity awaits all members of the Brotherhood to participate in Public Speaking, Panel discussions and Debates. Human Relations, Study of Alcohol Education, Academic and vocational studies are just a few of the topics discussed. Occasionally professional men in various fields of enterprise are our visitors and guests speakers.

Our ultimate aim is to develop a greater understanding between ourselves and society, and to help our members live a more constructive way of life after their release from prison.

See you next month.

# INMATE CONCERT

D. Hambleton

An all inmate cast, featured in a drama, headlined an all inmate concert here on the afternoon of Sunday, May April 16th. The first inmate concert we have had for more than a year, it served to introduce the S.M. Actors Rostrum in a one act drama titled "Submerged."

The play depicted the emotions of six men, trapped hundreds of feet below the surface of the sea in a damaged submarine. Produced and directed by Peter Roski, the play starred Dave McLennan as the Commander, Tom Girdle as Dunn, Bob McKenny as Bryce, Phil Boily as Shaw, Dale Liebrecht as Jorgenson, and Camille Lombaert played Nabb. I don't know what the inside of a submarine looks like, but someone does as the hand painted scenery indicated. The sound effects were very realistic and everyone connected with this worthy effort deserves a huge amount of credit.

Turning to the musical part of the show, we have a newcomer to the citadel, Jim LaRiviere. Jim opened with "Ebb Tide" and "Little Star." When the audience called him back for an encore, Jim gave us a fine rendition of "Unchained Melody."

When you hear of a Ventriloquist act you naturally think of a man and a dummy. When M.C. Christy Brown introduced Ken Ducharme and his brother Sammy, I had the same thought; but Christy didn't mention which one was supposed to be the dummy and both of them had that vacant, faraway look on their face.

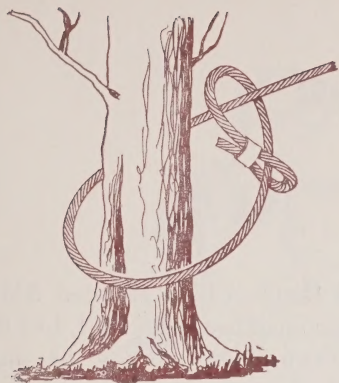
As they entertained, I sat there trying to figure it out, and after the show I told one of them that I was going to write that I was unable to tell which was which and all I got was a chuckle. Later I was told that the one I spoke to, was the ventriloquist but you can't prove it by me though.

Fiddler Frank Lesage started off the western group portion of the show, with "Down Yonder" and "The Sleeping Giant." Then came Jimmy Cadotte singing "Have I Told You Lately" and "You'll Have To Go". Playing "Poor Girl Waltz" and "Silver Bells" on an electric guitar, was Jimmy Beaulieu received a tremendous ovation and was called back to play "Spinning Wheel" as an encore. A duet by Freddie Hood and Johnnie Mathewson proved to be real popular. They sang "I Wonder If I Care As Much" and "When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again" They were followed by Johnny Severight who sang "I'm Just A Number" and "Family Bible On The Table."

Rotund Jim Netemegisic picked up a guitar. when he reached the mike, feet started stompin'. Jim is the Elvis Presley of Stony and like most people, we like Rock and Roll. The stage creaked as Jim sang and shook his way through, "It's Been So Long" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." He picked "Hound Dog" as an encore. Bob Kolega rounded out the show as he squeezed out three numbers on his Accordion, "Yes Sir, That' My Baby", "Girl Of My Dreams" and "Champagne Polka."

The show was enjoyed by everyone. M.C. Christy Brown did a fine job, and to him and all the others we extend our thanks for an afternoon of fine entertainment.





# The Last Day

Dave McLennan

T'is sweet to dance to violins  
When love and life are fair.

To dance to lutes, to dance to flutes is delicate and rare.  
But t'is not sweet with nimble feet to dance upon the air.

O. WILDE

Have you ever wondered what it's like to be hung.....? Let me tell you.....I know, because once I was hung!

Slowly your head clears. A brief respite until once again the past screams and mocks you from the mind's despair. The silence is ominous; each moment an eternity of silence, silence broken only by the wheezing of the gaoler's consumptive lung. His sallow face and sunken eyes themselves the mark of death.

Silence, silence, silence. Will the grave be so void, so impersonal, so denying of a soul's desire. The crime. What matter who and how many have died? They died but once. I have died a thousand times; each time the hempen knot grows tighter. Each time I die, I live to die again: each minute, each day, each week.

".....To die, to sleep, perchance to dream. Aye there's the rub. For in that sleep of death what dreams may come....."

Perhaps it is a black abyss of eternity, not unlike the years before birth. A moment is forever; yesterday a fleeting dream. Tonight I die. Good Christ, the sun will set and never rise again. The Priest? Yes pray. Our Father, who art in heaven ... heaven? Is he sure?... if I were only sure! Oh God! God! What am I to believe?

Just a little longer. Just a second to breathe the air, to feel the falling dew. The steps, thirteen..... up, but never down. My last words; hollow as the midnight bell that tolls my farewell tune.

Falling, falling, but I'm free: I'm running. Down the road just ahead is the willow grove. Just a little farther I'll be home. Sarah and the children, they're waving, just a little farther. Run, run.....

"TIME OF DEATH 12:05," SAID THE PRISON DOCTOR.

# LATE NEWS

Tom Girdle

## Donor Clinic Considered Success

Thursday, April 27, the Red Cross Mobile Blood Donor Clinic stormed SMP and when the dust cleared, 235 pints of valuable blood had been collected. Led by Mr. G. Sadler, 13 vivacious ladies came, set up the equipment, and by the time we inmates, bedazzled by female smiles, realized what was happening, we were less one pint of liquid and another life had possibly been saved.

While talking to Mr. Sadler, this reporter learned that the ladies were happy to enter these ivy-covered halls. He stated that with the assistance received from inmates, much of the normal work connected with these clinics in other centers is alleviated.

## Last TB Clinic

Just found out that the Mobile Chest X-Ray Clinic has not entered these hallowed walls since August 28th, 1957. Wonder Why?

---

## In Memoriam

All of SMP's population were saddened to hear that on April 26, 1961, Phil McGraw passed away. Phil had been ill for a long time, but he will always be remembered by his many friends.

- PHIL McGRAW -

Born - December 14, 1900,

Died - April 26, 1961.

To change his life, he did endeavour,

His Maker called, he sleeps forever.





Mother's Day  
Sunday, May 14th.

## THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG

David McLennan

There was a song my mother sang

When I was but a child.

A song she sang when the earth was warm,

When the winter wind blew wild.

She sang this song beside my crib,

As she rocked me to and fro,

Her's was the song of a mother's love;

Through the coming years I'd know.

There was never a heart so pure and true,

As she took me by the hand;

And led me through a score of years,

Till I became a man.

The songs been sung, and the love's been given

And the years have come and gone,

Though my path has strayed since those bygone days,

I yearn for this song of songs.

When the time has come that life must pass;

I'm sure that there will be,

A special place, prepared by Grace,

For Mother's such as she.

# INSIDE TRACK

Dave McLennan

Since the 'wage hike', inflation seems to have set in. A pkg. of tobacco that formerly sold for twenty three cents now sells for thirty three. It is interesting to note how many have quit . . . or tried to quit smoking. There are those, who rather than suffer the nicotine withdrawal have tried hypnosis. It seems you can't hypnotize a block of wood . . . all are smoking up a storm like it was going out of style.

x

The committee must be getting a kick-back from Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis pictures. Two in as many weeks. Janet's nice, but then so is Brigitte Bardot.

x

**Ray Merasty** was so over-come by the Stony Mountain Players Guild's last production that he suggested they stage 'South Pacific or Damn Yankees'. With tears in his eyes (emotionally upset by **Bobby McKenny's** performance) he said: "I'd sing a couple of songs in South Pacific myself".

x

It was learned today that a certain fellow here was corresponding with a fellow-inmates grandmother. It seems the lady is presently undergoing imprisonment for drug addiction and it's companion crime. This just goes to prove the old adage about snow on the roof and fire in the furnace.

x

I was impressed with the service in the Protestant Church, Sunday, April 16th. Let's face it, **Caesar Augustus** knew what he was doing. . .

x

## HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE:

Tell **Bobby Talbot** he's getting fat.

x

## PEOPLE WE COULD DO WITHOUT:

The guy who reads a few copies of Popular Mechanics then figures he's capable enough to tamper with a typewriter.

x



## MISSING PERSONS:

Anyone know the whereabouts of **Muggs Rennie**?

x

Our illustrious cover designer and writer, **Ralph 'Rocky' Danton**, has finally succumbed to frustration. Alas! He has fallen victim to the **BLUE PENCIL** once too often. Echoes writers never die, they just cuss away.

x

Heard there's a barber course starting. A bouquet to **Art Nabiss** for his efforts in this department. A tip of our toupee to you **Art**. This is the first constructive move toward vocational training since the sledge-hammer was invented.

x

Understand the rattle of machine-guns and black caddy's has subsided some since **John (Mafia) Majetic** left the tailor shop. Don't despair **John**, even big **Al** had to do a little work while in stir.

x

Anyone care to donate a urinal for the auditorium? The pictures are a little long . . . so that agony often sets in. 'Course we could all get a box of **Dodd's Kidney Pills**.

x

The way things are progressing around here I expect to see an interlocking baseball schedule between **Pens. B.C.** at **K.P.**, **Dorchester** at **P.A.** sort of thing. I've been trying to figure out a team to play the **Angels**. We have a few angels here, but not enough to field a team. **Collin's Bay** should be able to field a dozen of these teams.

x

Have you heard about the near-sighted guy who got a letter from his brother. "I caught a cold" it read. **Weak eyes** thinks his brother found gold. Yesterday he promised me a "**T-Bird**".

x

That's all folks. "It's 12:45; **Kiddies Carnival** is on the radio, and **Yogi Bear** is in deep trouble".

x



# DEAR

# EDITOR

I wuz sittin' in the office thet other day so sleepy thet my feet wouldn't stay on the desk. Anyhow, the phone rings an' I answers it. When I tells the phone thet it's the bookkeeper of the seamstresses talkin', the phone sez: "This if the certifikashun office, send over convict 7982 rite away!" "That's me!" sez me. "Are you Slipshod Sam?" sez the phone. "Yeah!" sez me. "Okay," sez the phone, "cum to the certifikashun office rite away." An' when the phone don't say no more I puts it away an' I git some pencils an' offishul lookin' papers an' I puts them in my pockets an' then I go's over to thet there office.

As soon as I git in thet there office this here guy sez: "How ya feelin'? Ya look tired." So I tells him as how I wuz workin' real hard all day, an' thet kinda kilt thet! Then he sez: "You're gettin' short, Huh?" An' I sez: "Yeah!" An' he sez: "Where ya goin' when ya git out?" An' I sez: "Klunkerhead, Saskatchewan." So he makes a mark on some papers an' right then an' there he turns rite aroun' an' he sez: "Tell me how ya got in trouble!" So I sez: "Ya want the story?" An' he sez: "Yeah!" So I tells him. I sez:

"Once upon a penapon I had a yen shee baby. Now, her being the heroin of the story - she had to be in love with somebuddy. Well, there wuz morpheus and dil-audid. Morpheus wuz thet kind thet snuck up on you like a speedball, and our heroin didn't go fer thet because she wuz ten times as strong as morpheus an if she got hooked by him, well, it would be a yen hok on her. Well now, there wuz two other guys, no hits pare and goric were their names. (The kind thet gits one in the stomach.) The only answer wuz demoral solution. It works, but then you're in another world. And who wants thet when there's other methadons? Well fren dil-audid wuz a little treacherate. Now, this guy Epod with some yenom (if my yenom is too far out fer ya as it is, then try it backwards, Okay? Okay). Anyhow, Epod's got a red coat hidin' somewhere an' a civil job he ain't tellin' 'bout, an' he cuts in pretty good. An' he is about to git flourescent with his yenom thet is like G, B's. He's a smooth kind of a dropper of names. Spike an' tie an' thet jargon draw-in' up. Well, he gits hung up on the case. An' the D.A., he gits impatient. He wants action, an' he's raisin' cocaine because, well, nothin' is goin' to analyze or hit. He sez its analgesia like no pain. Well, the cookin' an' the spoonin' starts, an' they



cotton to her ways. She takes a bundle an' plays it safe. Holy justice! are they carryin' on, the noses are runnin', there's gaggin' an' spewin' an' eyes are waterin' when this guy Epod steps in. He's got her taped, an' tapped, an' capped. He cums up with a mirror an' I figger now he's gonna' win favour with her. But the siftin' she's done makes your skin pop right down the main line. She's burnin' the spoon on both sides. Holy moscow is she tied up an' sniffin' it up! Well, it happens. An' when it happens, crappers are goin', there s swallowin' an' - some can't!! Well, thet about kills my story. Anyhow, some can an' you can, but then any coon can coon can. Merry who-who to you too. So, I cum here to wine an' dine an' the water's fine, an' thet's to be expected. Because when you're mainline, man, you jest got to go, an' when ya got to go, well, by Ike an' Mike.

Ya know what Mr. Editor? After I tells my story like thet. Thet guy, he sez: "What wuz thet all about?" Imagin' thet! Anyhow, I tells him as how its the story he asked me fer. But thet there guy, he don't know nothin' 'bout the flowers thet opium in May. I kin tell thet by the look on his kisser. An' oh justice! he ain't never even heard the adage: A cap in the hand is worth two in a mounties.

Anyhow, he shakes his head a while an' then he sez: "Your people had lots of money, what made you go wrong in the first place?" An' when I tol' him, as how I didn't mind takin' ol' yacht's, but ol' caddys wuz too much fer me, he gits riled like an' he chases me out of thet there office.

Now, let me tell ya somethin', Okay? Okay. There I went an' tol' thet guy everythin' thet he wanted to know—an' I tol' him the truth too, an' he jest didn't believe me. Now I'm gonna ask ya somethin'. Okay? Okay. Jest how in moscow kin a guy git hisself some rehabilitashun when people like thet don't want to hear er won't believe what they hear, when they ask to hear it. Oh well, hurry up June, fer gawsh awful sakes, hurry up.

See ya 'round pardner,  
SLIPSHOD SAM.

The wind was blowing strong and the ice was solid on the ground as a hunter was tramping through the woods, hunting for game.

As he walked along, he saw a little snake frozen to the ground. He felt sorry for the little creature and being a sentimental fellow he lifted the snake from the ground and put it under his shirt, next to his skin where the snake could feel the warmth of his body.

After a while the little snake began to thaw out. The warmth of the hunters body had melted the ice and the snake slowly came back to life. Then, without warning, the little snake bit the hunter.

The hunter was shocked. He looked at the snake with unbelieving eyes and said, "I picked you up from the frozen ground as you were dying and gave you the warmth of my body so that you might live, Then you turned me and bit me! Why?"

The snake turned his cold beady eyes on the hunter and replied: "Well, you knew I was a snake when you picked me up, didn't you?"

(The Eye Opener)

# FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY



## John the Square

One of the guards told me that he seen Huey Long breezing along Portage Ave., in a brand new Renault. Subsequent investigation has proven that this atrocity committing Pirate, traded his like-new Corvair in on a new Renault. In view of this betrayal, we intend to burn all old copies of our mag that mention his name.

R.I.P.

My sincere condolences to a green like-new Corvair which passed suddenly to a used car lot recently. It was faithful, but it's diabolical owner was not. It is with supreme sorrow that I say; **RUST IN PEACE....**

If you call Joltin' Joe, "Joe the Greek" he's liable to punch you right in the nose... Happy Birthday to Jackson Wannop. Won't divulge his age though... The latest rumors are that "summer visits to be held on the front lawn." Lots of guys believe it too: but; on the day this happens, you'll be awakened by 5 white blackbirds singin' "There's no more work for poor old Ned," accompanied by Georgie Shearing and his swingin' five... Lord Cecil, (late of the Colonies,) now in Liverpool. Russ (Pritchard Ave.) Smith, copped a card from him... O.K. Leishman, is still trying to tout me on air travel, like, to no avail. If the Messiah meant me to fly, I'd have wings where my shoulder blades are... Memo to my Mamacita: Mom, Stony has no e in it... Prediction! Bob Barber will become the next Heavy champ of the joint... Query to 'Lil Richards: It's awful quiet down there. They didn't all go home did they? Or was Kathy's effort chopped?... Memo to Chuck Cross: I'm keeping my hooks crossed, 'n like, it can't happen too soon... Ron Miller sends love, hugs, 'n kisses to Dodie & Barb... Memo to Stan the Man: You're right re: the Horse. He wants to enter his ball team into the prison league. Only thing is, all 11 of his "? players?" have the same name; Tommy Toy!... Jimmy Munroe wants to know where at's Gilbert Patrick?... Montreal John McGee, says hello to all his western friends, and a Big hello to his Dodie... Top Secret!! shhh... Spike Watcher gets mail from — ya won't tell, will ya? o.k., **Sabrina!**... Didja know that Bill Smith's fiancée flew all the way up from T.O. to attend the Easter service with him? If that ain't devotion, make mine vanilla... Happy Birthday to Donna, from Tom... I'm bettin' that by Labor day, Ken Leishman, & Vince the Prince Marrese will be out of here on parole. If ever there were two fellows who



deserve, and could make a success of a parole, it's these two. I'll even crawl 'way out on a limb and bet the parole board that if either one of them violate a parole, I'll do whatever time they have left. Any takers in Ottawa?... A big Hello to my two Miss Edmontons... Howdy to Nick Pliszka & Roy Knott, from J.K., class of '48... Memo to Master Donald (Fats) Richie: Where at's Pilot Hound? I thot I knew of every Manitoba hamlet in existance?? I'm sure gonna miss you this racing season: Your tobacco smoked *so* good!! (hee haw!) Regards to Betty, 'n like, when can we expect the twins?... Peter Berends, hittin' the appeal trail in hopes of gettin' home to Martha... Have you heard the latest ill joke? Quiz show. Moderator with three little piles of ashes in front of him says: "And now, will the real Caryl Chessman, please stand up!!" ya hear the one about the backward Mountie? I'd better save this one 'til I see you—the censor you know... Book of the year; "A Cold Wind in August" by Berton Wohl, a positive "flil-ip!" Jam-packed with verbal pyrotechnics: makes "Mrs Chatterly's Boy Friend" look like "The Bobsy Twins at Winnipeg Beach" Don't die 'til you've dug this one... In the December issue, I wished Stan Nash 8 ball players—he's got them: Eddy Hashka, a one way ticket to Stuffville—he got it: Yogi Bear, a spot on the C league all-stars—he's got it: Monte, the ball commissioners attendance at all of his games—he's got it: Weary Willie Miller, the sense not to be an umpire this year—he's got it; and I wished 88 guys a parole in 1961, and as of March 1st., six of them have split the scene: but I still can't see no divorce in sight... Randi; try two 5 cent stamps... Slight mix-up last month. Those three guys on page 13 have nothing to do with the article appearing there. In case you wondered, the top kitty is lady killer, Rocky Danton, the middle, Yussell "the muscle" Hayden; and Russ (Pritchard Avenue) Smith... I've been thinking that the name of our magaze should be changed. The present name just ain't got no shmaltz. I suggest we rename the thing, "The Zoo Gazette." what you think?... Echo cohort Rocky Danton can claim the distinction of being the first citizen of pensville to cop — & pick up on this — NINE (9) kites *in one single day!!* Like, I've heard of kissin' cousins, but man! This is nervous..."... Dig this. Dave Degnegard dribbling the basketball in the center of the dome, directly under a pigeon roost 'n Shhplat!! (hee hee!) Ol' Dave sure ain't a pigeon lover no more; but cheer up ol' buddy, last year when I got it from an itsy-bitsy sparrow, they told me it was "lucky" Just think of *all* the luck you got comin' Dave. (hee hee!)... Where at's the Jehovah Wittnesses? Still waiting for a copy of the Watchtower... Hang in there people.. You've only got to put up with me for 8 more issues... Appeal to P.J. the Dee Jay. How about layin' some of those well played "sides" on us pardner? Our records are, like, the saddest Man... Any body seen Rosie Toussant?... Happy Birthday to Buddha Sawchuk...

#### PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.....

....The recent recidivist who after being paroled out of here TWICE is back for his *third* bit.

....The fellow in the library during night exercise who was driving his T-Bird so recklessly, that Ol' Eyebrows had to flee to avoid being run over.

....Those two stunning **RED HEADS** in black dresses, that set the "Promised Land" on it's ear, Sunday March 19th.

....The mendacious group in the Tin Shop, who with the help of a local "Paul Revere," falsely rumored that a certain kitty had made a parole.

....The lesson that former one-time, high-scoring, basketball player, learned the hard way. He quit, and then returned, when he found that: **ONE MONKEY DON'T STOP THE SHOW !!**

....The imminent transfer **OUT**, of some our better known citizens. Residents are busy speculating **WHO**, **WHEN**, and **HOW MANY???**

....Who's going to **BOOK** the ponies now that tobacco is priced right out of reason.

....The March/April issue of **THE PATHFINDER**. Their best effort to date! Send one green skin (\$1.00) to **BOX 160, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.**

### Happy Mothers Day

To: Mrs. E. Brown, from John... Mrs. E. Leishman, from Kenny... Mrs. B. Paquette, from Rocky... Mrs. N. Girdle, from Tommy... Mrs. J. DeMontigny, from, Joe .. Mrs. L. Paquette, from Ray... Mrs. L. Horsfall, from Cliff... Mrs. Bouvette, from Ray.

Some definitions from the Devils Dictionary.

Friendless — Having no favors to bestow.

Friendship — A ship big enough to carry two in fair weather, only one in foul.

Insurance — A modern game of chance in which the player is permitted to believe that he is beating the man who runs the table.

Jealousy — A concern about the preservation of that which can be lost only if not worth keeping.

Lawyer — One skilled in circumvention of the law.

Litigant — A person ready to give up his skin in the hope of retaining his bones.

Love — A temporary insanity curable by marriage.

Mercy — An attribute beloved of offenders.

Misfortune— The kind of fortune that never misses.

Parole — To restore to a life of crime.

Patience — A form of despair, dignified as a virtue.

Positive — Mistaken at the top of one's voice.

Pray — To ask that the laws of the universe be annulled in behalf of the unworthy petitioner.

Quill — An implement of torture yielded by a goose and wielded by an ass.

Riot — Popular entertainment given to the police by innocent bystanders.

Success — The one unpardonable sin.

Will somebody pu-leeze tell Monte that the Purple Gang was a Detroit outfit ? He thinks they were New Yorkers... Johnny Hines copped a parole. Had 8½ stanzas in against a habitch jolt. Also paroled, Myron Diduck. What ?? He just got here!! **DON'T MATTER!** He's cuttin' out... Just left—'Crazylegs' Settee; and Bobby McKenny. Good luck to these four guys, from all present... Welcome back, John Kydyba... Yussell Hayden told me that he once shook a bit with an Indian kitty named, "Standing-In-The-Door!" Aw, g'wan Joe, g'wan!!... Tom (Mottel) Girdle has joined the Echoes mob... **L7**

# HAPPINESS

Bob Horan

People the world over are searching for that thing called happiness, but, unfortunately, few of us succeed in finding it. Some do find it, while others find a temporary happiness. However, most of us fail in our search for lasting contentment. Why?

It may be noted that most of us fail to find contentment in the things we have. We feel that if we could possess this, or that, or the other thing, we would at long last be satisfied; it is a fallacy. I know of people who found a temporary state which they mistook for happiness after accumulating a great store of material goods, but, as a rule this was short lived. They soon desired more and knew no peace until they had it.

I once met a vagabond who spent his time wandering about the country on freight trains. Ours was a chance meeting, but one I shall never forget. He taught me that happiness does not consist of material things. This man owned nothing but the ragged clothes he was wearing and yet he had something that money cannot buy. He had a peace of mind that is rare in this troubled world. Freedom was all that he desired of life, and he was wise enough to realize it. But what is more significant, he didn't waste his precious time seeking something else. He was too busy enjoying what he found pleasure in.

I know another old chap who is serving a life term in a penitentiary. Despite the steel bars and armed guards, he is not disheartened. He finds happiness in an environment that depresses most of us and the nature of his sentence could be added reason for depression. However, he doesn't let it bother him. What would be the use? He is one of the most cheerful old men I have ever known and yet he has little cause to be happy.

Finding happiness in a place such as this is not an easy task, but he manages. Life, he has found, has many little things one can enjoy and he is making full use of them.

Comparing these two men, it is readily seen that while the vagabond finds peace of mind in his freedom to roam, the lifer finds contentment without physical freedom. Neither of them have much in the way of material possessions and yet, they are richer than some millionaires. Why? Because they have peace of mind.

To recognize happiness we must realize what it is. Primarily, happiness is a state of mind that exists within each and every one of us. It can be influenced by external things, but only if we let it.

It is not always easy to be pleasant, and at times it is next to impossible, but for the most part it is within our reach. A wise man once said "We are as happy as we make up our minds to be." Who made the statement escapes me for the moment but he sure knew what he was talking about.

One day near the start of this sentence I was feeling exceptionally low. I could see nothing but problems, and of them I had many. I think I was on the verge of feeling self pity when I stumbled across those words. "We are as happy as we make up our minds to be." I forced a smile, it wasn't easy but my second attempt was a little more successful, and before the afternoon was over I was feeling more

continued on inside back cover



# DALE CARNEGIE BANQUET

Joe Hayden

The Graduating Students of the fourth class of the Dale Carnegie Course, celebrated their graduation with a testimonial banquet held Saturday 18th. April in the staff mess.

Ken Leishman holding down the chairman's chair, put his best foot forward and came up with as close to a professional job in this capacity as ever witnessed here.

Rollie Evans & Henry Wercimaga gave talks on Exhibits, Ken Bevan & Art Beasoliel rendered a discourse on Human Relations, Mitch Williams & Steve Bayak spoke on Talks To Inform, Bill Brown & George Mitchell gave Impromptu speeches, Cliff Orr, Art Beasoliel. Bob Talbot & Rollie Evans took the graduates through the D.C. Drills, Ken Leishman & Raymond Merasty spoke of Most Interesting Day of their lives. Vince Marrese spoke on How He Overcame Fear & Worry. Roy Keays, Bob Clint, Cliff Orr & Morrice Piche told the graduates and guests What They Got Out Of The Course. Prepared Speeches were delivered by Bob Talbot, Jim Munroe & Ed Penner.

Guests of the Grads were Bob Biddle, of the Department of Indian Affairs, Elman Guttormson, M.P. Mr. Coture of C.J.A.Y.-TV., Les Bischonanski of the Winnipeg Free Press, Julian Hayaski of the Winnipeg Tribune, D.C. Instructors Irv Granger, Chuck McNaughton & Alf Gray, Warden F.S. Harris, Classification Staff Member U.Belanger, Educational Supervisor J.D. Weir and Ken Howard of the J. Howard Society and Mr. Shirliff, school teacher.

Each graduating member received a souvenir menu of the banquet on which the names of all members of the graduating class were printed.



Jimmy Munroe is presented with his diploma

# AWARD WINNERS DALE CARNEGIE COURSE

| NO. | BEST SPEECH                   | MOST IMPROVEMENT | ACHIEVEMENT                 |
|-----|-------------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1   | Vince Marrese                 |                  |                             |
| 2   | Don Long                      | Steve Beyak      | Cliff Orr                   |
| 3   | Ray Merasty                   | Cliff Orr        | Al Albertini                |
| 4   | Ken Leishman                  | Maurice Piche    | Nollie Evans                |
| 5   | Nollie Evans                  | Ed Penner        | Pat Meagher                 |
| 6   | BOOK AWARDS                   | Vince Marrese    | "LINCOLN THE UNKNOWN"       |
|     |                               | Jim Monroe       |                             |
|     |                               | Art Beausoleil   |                             |
| 7   | Al Albertini                  | Bob Calhot       | Roy Keays                   |
| 8   | Ken Evans                     | Mitch Williams   | George Mitchell             |
| 9   | Heather Smith                 | Jim Monroe       | Henry Wernimaga             |
| 10  | BOOK AWARDS                   | Don Long         | "DON'T GROW OLD - GROW UP"  |
|     |                               | Ed Penner        |                             |
|     |                               | Maurice Piche    |                             |
| 11  | BOOK AWARD                    | Gerry Hamilton   | "DALE CARNEGIE'S SCRAPBOOK" |
| 12  | HUMAN RELATIONS AWARDS        |                  | Vince Marrese               |
|     |                               |                  | Art Beausoleil              |
|     |                               |                  | Al Albertini                |
| 13  | PREPARED SPEECH CHAMPION      |                  | Bob Calhot                  |
| 14  | IMPROMPTU SPEECH CHAMPION     |                  | Bill Brown                  |
|     | HIGHEST AWARD FOR ACHIEVEMENT |                  | Roy Keays                   |





## 'NEATH THE SPREADING ATROPHY

Take a flat serving tray such as is used by an invalid. Put five sauce dishes and a dinner plate on it. Fill the biggest tumbler or mug in the house with scalding hot water and put it on one of the sauce dishes. Now, fill the other sauce dishes. We suggest some juicy stewed tomatoes in one, and perhaps a large portion of figs in their own syrup in another dish (lots of syrup). For the third dish, see if you can find the following leftovers in the refrigerator — creamed corn, string beans, green peas and sliced creamed carrots. Mix these together, but do not heat them. In the last sauce dish, you might put a broken piece of toast, a pat of butter, and two soda crackers. For the entree, stew is appropriate, but be sure and fill the plate to the brim. If you care for soup you might add a full soup plate to the tray. Perhaps you drink milk for dietary reasons. If so, take a quart container of some sort and “fill” with about four or five ounces of milk. Add this to your baggage. Now then, going to the bread box we pick up a couple of slices and don’t ask me where you put it. If you need mustard or catsup, sashay over to the refrigerator and help yourself. Remember though, at no time can you set anything down while you perform another operation. Now, all set?

Wait a minute! Don’t forget your laundry bundle, and a large book about the size of a New York Telephone directory. Okay, away we go! One hundred yards and three flights of stairs — just a little stroll before you eat — good for the appetite. When you get proficient, you can grab the evening paper and a bottle of medicine, or a bar of soap without missing a step. Now you know why criminals have that lean and hungry look.

### THINGS I WISH I HAD NEVER SAID

Your Honor, I wish to represent myself.

I tell you that fellow is ok; I used to go to school with him!

I’m mature enough to walk away from a fight.

Anytime anyone want’s a cigarette, all he has to do is ask for it.

I can do this “fin” standing on my head!

Joe, when you get out I wish you would go see my girlfriend and tell her I still love her.

Okay wise guy, step outside and we’ll see just how tough you are!

You can’t arrest me, I got connections!

(The Eye Opener)



## My views on Officiating in the present SPORTS PROGRAM and a POSSIBLE SOLUTION

Monty

During my stay here, I have been associated very closely with most of the sports setup, and the only game I don't participate in is Hockey. I play Basketball, Football, Fastball, Volleyball, and Handball. In all these sports, I am fairly competent, and have a fair knowledge of the rules as do most of the other participants. Now, my contention is that the men who volunteer to officiate are not getting the support to which they are entitled. Because after all, they are not receiving anything for all the abuse that they habitually take when the call is made on some infraction of the rules. Another thing which rules out harmony and will remain a constant thorn in the side of officiating is the fact that we are all doing time, and likes and dislikes enter into the picture.

Before the season starts, an appeal is made for men to come forward and learn the rules of the sport to which they have chosen to officiate in. After they have learned these rules, they go with hearts high and flags flying to start the season. The commissioner is invariably a non player, and a constitution is drawn up to guide the players and officials. In the constitution are certain clauses which prevent any one team from becoming too much stronger than the other clubs. There are also clauses which are absolutely useless, such as swearing at the officials, quitting teams during the season, and preventing players from coming into the league after a certain period of time. I say these rules are useless because they are never adhered to. I referred earlier to the officials going out with their hopes keen and with the intention of doing a bang-up job. After two or three games, they are sadly disillusioned and as a consequence refuse to take any more abuse from the players and resign. When this comes to pass, and the league runs out of umpires, then the onus falls on the players themselves, so in order to continue, they ask players from the teams which are idle to umpire the oppositions games. This is not good, neither for morale nor the game. Something has to be done about it. The game itself means nothing any more. My main objection is the winning at any price attitude which prevails. There are rules of sportsmanship in all games, and certainly, most players adhere to these rules and don't beef too loudly when the call goes against them. The loudest beefs are usually from the players who think they know more than the officials, and still insist on arguing even when proven wrong. But let the official be wrong just once and everyone seems to think he is wrong on every call. What we need is some individual who is tough minded, and can not be swayed from his line of duty by any one person or persons, to put teeth in the game's constitution and make the rules stick. He should be backed to the limit by the inmate body so that sports here can be a success. Another thing that could possibly influence the sports programme, is that the nucleus of all the teams in the various activities are the same athletes and they should show the rest what good sportsmanship really is. Let's get behind whoever is appointed commissioner and have a real good year.

# BASKETBALL

Tom Girdle

## ECHOES DEFEAT KINGSBEST 72-71

Finding themselves down 46 - 31 at the end of the first half, the Echoes finally realized their full potential and with a blazing 30 minutes of play, pulled victory from the grasp of a well-balanced Kingsbest five by a 72 - 71 count. The Phil Boily coached Echoes were led by Hayden with 31, Lombaert with 14, and Sinden with 13 pts. Cymbaluk with 18, Golovitch with 14 and Wood with 10 led Kingsbest.

## ECHOES LOSE TO SELKIRK 115-107

The Echoes, ending their most successful year, were defeated by Selkirk Totems in a game featured by the sharpest exhibition of shooting seen by these eyes. Led by Btonosky with 39, Calbardet with 33, and Degroot with 30 pts., the Totems moved into the lead early in the game and held on despite a last quarter rush by the Echoes. Hayden with 34, Lombaert with 30, and Girdle with 25 were tops for the Echoes.

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## *Baseball Season Opens*

Joe Hayden

The Stony Mountain Softball Season is less than one month old and already we've had our headaches. One of the appointed managers resigned before the teams were selected, and to make matters worse, we are now working on our second Ball Commissioner.

Following the suggestion of the "then" Commissioner, John "Arnie" Brown, eight managers were selected; four to manage the major league teams, and the same amount to do like-wise in the minors. It was also decided that the major and minor teams work in conjunction.

Exhibition games were then played in order that major and minor league players be weeded out before selecting the teams for the season.

This was all carried out under the guidance of John Brown, and things seemed to be running along smoothly. All four major league teams had been selected, and plans were being made to select the minor teams, when out of nowhere came the troubles mentioned in the first paragraph.

However as so often happens, these difficulties were straightened out. Our new Ball Commissioner, Jack Stephens, has wasted no time in taking over. All teams have been selected, and we are now looking forward to two weeks of exhibition games before swinging into the regular schedule.





## STONY MOUNTAIN ECHOES

**Front row:** Girdle, Hayden, Sinden, Lombaert.

**Back row:** Whitely, Boily (coach), Trobec.



## ALL-STARS 1960-1961

**Back Row L to R;** Stephens, Hayden, Roulette, McGee, Sinden, Popowich, Meccas, Parker, Savage, Jourdain. **Front;** Houck, Simoneau, Crawley, Marrese, Mitchell, Marks.



# ECHOES

(Your opinions, pro and con, are greatly appreciated by the "Echoes". If you have any suggestions that might lead to improving our magazine, write, *MOUNTAIN ECHOES, P. O. BOX 101, STONY MOUNTAIN, MANITOBA*) Ed.

---

Please send me a copy of your paper, also an order blank to look over.

Yours Truly,  
Clyde J. Austin,  
Bryon Center 3, Mich.

Mr. Austin;

Your request has been granted, we hope that you will enjoy our magazine.  
Ed. .

---

I see by my calendar that it is now the time to renew my subscription to your magazine. Therefore you will find one (1) dollar enclosed.

I cannot express the enjoyment I have recieved from your "Echoes". You have done a trmendous job in the past and I trust you will do the same in the future. I always look forward to my next issue of the "Echoes".

Thank You,  
Miss Ferelith Wilson,  
Winnipeg 8, Manitoba

Dear Miss Wilson;

Your kind words are appreciated by us all. We hope that you will continue to enjoy our publication.  
Ed. .

# MAILBOX

Would you be so kind as to change my mailing address. Best wishes to you and the staff. Tell Christy that Betty digs his writing no end, even if as she claims she can't understand a word of it. My heart also bleeds for Slipshod and his missing Copper, and Rocky for his three (3) weeks, Dear John and shortage of hair.

As ever

Don (Richie) Richardson  
Pilot Mound, Manitoba

(P.S.) Am working like a small horse but it seems to agree with me.

Hi Richie;

Sure nice to hear from you. We all wish you and your family lots of luck. By the way I have a favor to ask of you. Would you send us the name of a good Toupee manufacturer. Hope to hear from you again soon.

Ed. .

---

Please send me the "Echoes" for one (1) year. Write and let me know the cost and also send last couple of issues too.

Cece Allan,  
Bownass on Windimere,  
Westmoreland England.

Greetings Lord Cecil,

'Ello there, 'ows the weather? Sent a couple of issues as asked so you might show them to some potential customers. Just a few Shillings and it's theirs you know. All of us here in the Colonies wish you lots of luck and don't wait too long before writing again.

Ed. .

# *Glancing through the Penal Press*

## SPECTATOR:

Houston, Tex. — Mrs. Myrtle Veronica Barber, a 69 year old grandmother was assessed a life term in prison recently as an habitual criminal.

She was found guilty of forging a \$38 check and had two previous convictions on similar offenses. These convictions made her eligible for the life sentence.

Her attorney has three days in which to file an appeal.

---

## LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK:

Mary had a little swing,  
It wasn't hard to find,  
For everywhere that Mary went,  
That swing was just behind.

---

## PATHFINDER:

In Hamilton, Ontario, a thief stole a tape recorder from a tabernacle. The taping was a sermon by the minister on the penalties of sin.

In a backwoods courtroom in Oklahoma, a farmer was suing a railroad for the death of his cow, struck down by a train. The railroad attorney claimed it was a clear case of "damnum absque injuria"—damage without liability. The farmers lawyer, a backwoodsman, sauntered to the jury box. "Gentlemen," he drawled, "I don't know much Latin, but I think I can translate that expression "damnum absque injuria." It means: It's a damn poor railroad that will kill a man's cow and not pay for it.

The farmer collected in full.

---

## THE NEW DAY:

Sign seen on a used car lot: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and that's good enough for us."

---

## THE COLONY:

Dear Mr. Anthony:

I have a problem. I have two sisters and two brothers. One brother plays for the Red Sox, the other has just been sentenced to the chair for robbery and murder.

My mother ran off when we were all very young. We have no idea where she is. My sisters are both shoplifters and both are now doing time. My father is a 'tippler' and is unconscious more of the time than he is sober. Recently, I met a rather nice girl. She has just been released from the reformatory where she served out a sentence for doing away with her ex-boyfriend.

My problem is this Mr. Anthony. If I ask this girl to marry me, should I tell her that my brother plays for the Red Sox??

"Bewildered"



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## HAPPINESS (continued from page 15)

cheerful than I had been for some time. I had assumed a happy mood within and happiness was not long in coming.

Yes, it is true! Happiness is a state of mind and when we realize that we have a fair amount of control over this state, we can do something about it. The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence but there is plenty of green grass right here in our own pasture. All we have to do is learn to appreciate it's value. Try it for one day and see if I'm not right.

